

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

VOLUME 1

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THE "LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND."

BY S. LEAVITT.

The enthusiastic admirer of the literary productions of Mr. Harris and his Spirit-friends, shrink from any attempt to induce the public generally to view these productions in the same light which they view them; and yet cannot forbear an occasional expression of opinion on the subject. Sometimes, indeed, they feel disposed to merely sit and weep, because "the long-crested generation" cannot sit and hear him while he sings. Then again the impulse seizes them to turn wandering minstrels, and sing the poet-musical joyous and prophetic outbursts of inspired song in the ears of all people, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

Seldom is a popular book other than ephemeral, because such books are generally, like the sermons of clergymen hired to preach up a certain set of doctrines, merely "done to order;" embodiments of current popular notions. But books destined to be immortal, are mostly antagonistic to, and in advance of, the current of popular thought. They burst out irresistibly from the author's mind, who has to say, as Mr. Harris said in his "Epic," "I speak it though I die." They seek not to cater to world's tastes, but to elevate them. Therefore it has had to be said of all such world's prophets (*prophets*, out-tellers) as it may be said of this fore-running Homer of the Spiritual Age, "they came to their own and their own received them not."

But let us turn to the literary merits of these writings. We do not hesitate to assert that they—and especially the "Disclosures," published in the Mountain Cove Journal, which the New York Review called the "Prose Epic of the Nineteenth Century"—have no equals as literary curiosities in all modern literature. But furthermore with regard to the "Epic" and "Lyric," when has the world seen such poetry before; whether in point of originality, rhythm, or elevating and beautifying influence? There is sufficient originality of thought in them, to render a score of ordinary poets famous. Indeed, original thoughts so crowd upon one another in these marvellous productions, as to neutralize each other's influence upon the reader's mind; which is bewildered as in a garden where all the fruits and flowers are so sweet, that the wanderer there cannot pluck any single one, but merely stands filled with a sense of collective excellence. As to mere rhyming—where in Hood or Moore is there greater evidence of the author's superiority in that respect?

And as to the elevating and beautifying of these books, we will say what many a reader will bear us out in, viz.: that there is something even *awful* in their effect upon any person who gets really into the soul of them. In some passages there is such an unearthly, seraphic beatitude expressed; they so evidently hail from the heavenly courts, that one seems to hear a voice saying, "put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Moreover, it may be said of the general influence of these writings, that one has, while reading them, as while reading the Bible—a sense of having good done them; of being lifted above "the dull material accidents of this sensual body."

As to their reliability as Spiritual communications; we do not there are many positively false statements in them, as there have been apparently through most preceding mediums. Let us be content to look upon them as, taken as a whole—something Divine from above us—which it is well worth us to ponder. What each man's interior finds of truth in them,—that let him hold as such. For one, we are even ashamed to reveal how few of the statements in the poems, which claim to present truths, we are able to reject as containing falsities; and therefore shall pass over without comment many of those passages of the "Lyric," which are most interesting to us. Still, there is more which is evidently purely imaginative in the "Lyric" than in the "Epic;" so that it is difficult to decide, sometimes, whether the poet is using his "license" or trying to reveal a fact.

From the practical point of view presented by a Five Points Dutch Grocery, of a muddy, foggy, November day, the historical part of the "Lyric of the Morning Land," to say nothing of its philosophy—would perhaps appear a little romantic. But to those who have looked far enough into the soul of things, to perceive that in one sense every thing in this universe is astounding—and that in another sense nothing in this universe is astounding—will not be able to lay their fingers on many passages of the book with the exclamation, "Absurd!"

As an epic, the book runs thus. The medium finds himself as to his Spirit upon the asteroid Pallas. There he meets with the Spirit of a poet once resident on the earth, who narrates his history and sings sundry supernal songs to him. The medium then goes in company with this friend to call upon

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one certain "Lily Queen," who he discovers is his conjugal partner, and who mostly accompanies him in his after wanderings. (The principal idea enforced by the whole book is the eternity of true conjugal love.) After remaining awhile on Pallas, gathering wisdom and relating some of his experiences to the inhabitants of that planet; he finds himself wafted through the ether as over a Spiritual sea, toward the planet Hesperus; where he is further instructed concerning conjugal love. Finally—

"Seated gloriously,
We sped toward the sun and left below
The heavenly Hesper-star."

While in the sun he receives much curious information concerning fairies; and no doubt what he says about the "little folk" will be found rather indigestible by most readers.

With this introduction, we will now present such extracts from the book as seem best calculated to substantiate the claims put forth by its admirers. In the "History" we read—

"When summer winds went whispering through the glade,
This infant was, as in a manger, laid.
When summer clouds went wandering o'er the streams,
Our medium-sun, it enthralled in dreams,
Through twilight and sweet morn."

In support of the claims of the "Lyric" to a Spiritual origin, he says in the "Prelude"—

"Since thou canst not find
How the rose-free blows,
Or what loves combined
For such a rose,
Why, O why,
Vainly try
How to fold
Flowers of gold in poet's breast;
By what art are drest
Angel thoughts in words of time,
Angel songs in outward rhyme!"

PART I, PALLAS.

Arrived in Pallas, he

"Saw a Spirit, wise, and calm, and holy,
Sitting on the western gate,
And the crimson tints had faded wholly,
He drew his flowing mantle round his breast,
Receding from my sight, until afar
That sparkles o'er some hasty mountain crest."

Next, after encountering the poet above mentioned—

"That poet fair and young returned to me,
While we were gazing through the golden sea,
The story of his death, a plaintive tale,
Ending like dreamy Winter's final gale.
Thus he recited it. When I left the knife
Of pain cut through my garments, so I spoke,
And thus the heavenly radiance on the bruke."

THE POET'S STORY.

Don't stand so near me—give me air—
I faint—I choke—'tis dark—good-bye—
I rise; I see my body lie—
Before me, and behind me, and above me are there.
I hear them talk; I see them shed
Big tears, and now they call me dead.
They kiss the sun, they chisel the hill,
They pour my heart out like wine;
Chanting the hymn of light divine,
And yet they call me dead—my doom
And tomb are here, before the tomb.
My spirit has taken the cold embrace
My body's dust. My mortal race
Is ended. Friends I loved well
Say I am now in the light.
And why? Because I could not see
That three were one and was one."

Now, come what will, at least I free
My spirit from the body, that he'll see
Men say that I am damned. How dear
My fellow-creatures were to me,
I gave the life-blood of my thought,
Love, and the purest words I wrought;
I poured my heart out like wine
Chanting the hymn of light divine,
And yet they call me dead—my doom
And tomb are here, before the tomb.
My spirit has taken the cold embrace
My body's dust. My mortal race
Is ended. Friends I loved well
Say I am now in the light.
And why? Because I could not see
That three were one and was one."

It would seem from what follows, that the hell he went to was not such an unpleasant place as his friends anticipated—

"A Spirit called me by a name
Which indicated 'Singing Sweetness';
And I became a wicket electress;
Singing in the garden of the world,
Haunted by Naiads beneath the waves;
Or crept into crimson shells uncurl'd;
And in them heard the *Harp of the World*
Brought from the *Heavenly Grove* in *days*
*Strange songs, more ancient than *days* time.*
And I saw the Silver Spirits who pleasure
Art, life, and love; the wicket electress
Of *days* time, and more wicket.
Nay! the ocean wave, as beneath the lid
Of a sleeping infant's heaven-ly eye,
Or stars rap'd away in the day-lit sky."

The Poet's Song of Outer Life," an utterance of this same typical Spirit, is exquisitely mournful—

"At the stream to ocean glided,
To its bottom in the waves,
We are buried to our graves;
Death alone eternally abides;
And the ocean waves, which are graves;
And the dreary wind that raves,
Blows us from life's shaken tree;
Wind-swept shadows henceforth.

Mournfully, O mournfully,
Chant the dirge and toll the bell;
That enfolds us ere we die,
All things round us grieve and weep,
While the death-worms crawl up to sleep.
Setting aside our resting seat,
Phantoms of the night are we."

We come now to the meeting of the "Lily Queen"—

"My heart's eclipse
Was ended. Like a moon beside the sun,
Sinking in now—'tis radix ec, I began
To glow in her sweet presence. I had found
A Spirit like myself, the *one* who was created
Regent, and *the* *one* who was born
She had been on Earth in *me*, my heaven was born.
She paused, and crept upon *me*, and my head
On her translucent breast was p. *me*,
A thousand sparkling glories, *me* to play
In the *eternal* *immortal* *day*
She hums like a *divine* art
She touched the inmost lyre-strings of my heart;
I trembled as a *servant* *me*,
Her slender leaves to drink its fragrance in:
I felt a new-born life in me begin."

The Vision of the Lamb," which the medium at the request of a Pallasite, who knew of his having had such a vision—amongst other gems contains the following. Beholding the Spiritual Sun, he says—

"I felt the rays
Of morning through my Spirit run,
And all my heart became a sea
Of Spiritual melody."

I looked again; the Spirit Moon
Had come to me to call.
My heart was still; its motion ceased.
I sank into an inward swoon.
As a pale flower, with too much light,
Fervent, that close up sleepies,
And in a dream, I was delirious.
Was wafted through the skies."

One of the most noticeable passages in the book is that which apparently describes a portion of the journey from Pallas to Hesperus; we give it almost entire—

"Windless and waveless grew the sea,
And, gazing from the southern shore,
A jeweled pinnace came to me;
A soft, pale, golden, star-like boat,
The stars, and above like snow.
White clouds were waving to and fro.
As if they were the floating sail.
Or like the sea by heaven-like seas.
Wafted through the atmosphere seas.
Then rose and swelled the northern breeze,
And bore me southward in my flight;
The stars, and sun, and moon, and night.
At times, all like golden green.
The Waterfalls appear'd seen,
And awakening as I passed by.
They were like golden green,
And sometimes passing Fairy Isles,
I saw mysterious shining plies,
Temple and palace, spire and dome;
And still I flew through sparkling fons.

Mysteries moved, nor wind nor sail
Impelled me, but the viewless gale,
So faint I scarcely felt its wings.
My boat, like a star-like boat,
Were kindled in the other blue;
These ring-like circles met my view.
There was a vast, like golden green.
At times, like a golden green.
Of music, clinged beneath the keel;
I heard mysterious organ peal,
And wind-harps; then I knew we sped
By golden green; and when we sped
From Fairy Isles hidden deep.
Sometimes I heard the waters leap;
And then I saw the water leap;
And then I heard the water leap.
Of music, clinged beneath the keel.
Took root, and opened on the breast
Of Ocean a tremendous crest.
Of golden green; these were possessed
By golden green; such a nest.
For silver waves. From east to west
The Heavens with many lines of light
With many degrees of light, and many rays
Like the stars, and like the sun.
I flew, like a bird with plumage bright
Like a bird with plumage bright.
And still my form was born;
The magic barge. The silver rim
Around the scene became more bright
As the third day dropped into night.

When I awoke, a silver star,
A golden green, was born,
And found it was a hollow cup;
Twas filled with sweetest hydromel.
I drank it. As I drank, the air
Was filled with many lines of light
With many degrees of light, and many rays
Like the stars, and like the sun.
I flew, like a bird with plumage bright
Like a bird with plumage bright.
Bound the sky's silver rim arose
Like the aurora, when it flows.
From golden green, with many rays
Like the stars, and like the sun.
Formed a vast, very dome on high;
And all that glorious canopy
Transpired green and white and gold
Golden green in music rolled.
And luminous beauty."

A Spirit asking the medium as he glided through the sky toward Venus "what is Heaven?" he says, amongst other things of the heavenly man—

"And his Spiritual Nature,
Asked only how to live;
Inward form and outward feature
Glow with living tenderness.
* * *
And I take the real essence
Of the heavenly life to be,
Life with the actual presence
Of the *Divinity*."

For Heaven, within the sphere of Angels,
Unseen by any sensible eye,
Like inner sense in old *Eccl*,
Divinely beautiful fills the sky."

"As thus I sang, the sweetest breathing,
The softest voice, the purest spell,
My inner life divinely breathing,
Like music o'er the senses fell."

Then follows this ravishing glimpse of the voyage—

"I, looking up, saw Hesper glowing,
A Spirit in western sky,
And saw my fairy bark was going,
As sailing a white thought, silently.
Drawn by that whitest world's attraction,
Blown by transparent azure seas;
And Spirit-Sun, in bright reflection,
Pictured upon the cloud-like breeze.

Ten thousand mirage worlds, and ever,
As through a cloven vale we flew,
There rushed and foamed a rapid river,
Whose waves were crimson, sprayed with blue."

[To be continued.]

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The following communications will well repay the reader for the time he may give to their perusal, whatever he may think of the origin of these communications. We are pleased to know that the friends keep a record of these in their *Providence*, and that the friends keep a record of these in their *Providence*, and that the friends keep a record of these in their *Providence*.

"I was a friend to *general reform*, and would make an effort to keep these books in motion; great good would come of it, for none can read a good book through without some other sunlights coming into the chaos of old notions. Spiritual books and papers should be at the command of all interested in the growth of Spiritual culture."

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 1854.

We know there is much error which springs up with this; but the ground which will produce good seed, will it not, also, produce thorns? The evil will be cured when the good is fully established. Therefore, those who deplore the error, must do what they can to develop the good. The time for trial—aye, severe trial—is yet to come; and we to those who do not dare to meet it. In order to develop the good, you must have faith that there is good in it. You must trust in us, as those who have gone before, and therefore more experienced. You must not only talk, you must breathe it in your lives; so that none shall leave you without saying, "Of a truth he hath been with Spirits." And let that word *Spirit* comprehend all that is lofty, noble and good in your own nature, as well as ours.

Do not feel that there is wanting the true Spirit in receiving these communications, this evening. You have not sufficiently harmonized with each other; a feeling of restraint has been one of the barriers to the communication; but by coming together often, the angularities of each will be rounded off, and smoothed down, so there will be no more difficulty. There is something, to me, so beautiful in thus drawing the future so close to your everyday life; even those who have but little faith in these communications, have their views of their

future home involuntarily changed. The influence comes like the dew, and will be found sparkling like gems in the flowers of life. This evening's work may seem as nothing to you, yet it has done all it could. The Spirit is always conqueror. Though all may seem doubtful, despairing—aye, failure itself—the Spirit sets its seal upon it, saying, "It is mine! All that this hour or this moment could do, has been done!" The Spirit never yields; for is it not a spark of Divinity, which is all-powerful?

Well, my friends, I will not be repelled; I must write, and you must listen. I would stamp indelibly on your minds the familiar maxim, "Learn to labor and to wait." Yes, well can you labor, with a noble object in view. But without! Have you courage to spend your life laboring for nought, or for that which you cannot understand? With a noble object in view, what can you not accomplish? Nothing is too strong for you to overcome, when heart and hand work in unison. But where is the man among you who will steadily, carefully and faithfully devote day after day—his whole existence—to an unknown work, and whose soul is large enough to control heart, head and hands? Yet such men must be found, for the work must be done, while they cannot as yet understand for what. We ask you not to work for no purpose, we would have you "work for some good, be it ever so lowly," but we would that you should have faith to work for generalities, without so much of this individualizing. Suppose you cannot always see the results, what then? Work without seeing them. "Whatever thy hands find to do, do with all thy might." Let there be no shrinking from actual toil; face it boldly and determinedly. But labor is not all. Rush not blindly into the work, mistaking your own views for new truths, but learn to wait till you are master of your own capabilities. Wait! aye! wait! Let there be no turning back! Your work is all before you, and when you have mastered one lesson, another will be spread before you. There need be no hesitancy, no glancing over the shoulder to see if the work so well performed, will be rightly taken care of. Let it suffice you to know, that when the hour of rest is come, you shall pause and know for yourself the final result of your slightest action. And while you are thus working, remember that you must also be developing the talent committed to your keeping.

C. The law of life is progress, the law of growth is progress. What is progress? It is to add daily to your stock of knowledge, here a little, there a little, like children gathering wild flowers. It is to do this to-day because you are a child, and to-morrow because you are a man. Are all persons who are living and growing, progressing? Are you (who ought to be) advancing with such rapid stride as you might in this great work? You, yourselves, know that you enjoy the most that which you have most labored for. Shall you, then, be sparing in your efforts to obtain the fruits of this law? It may seem to you, that it is looking too far into the future, to seek for the fruits of progress, but it is only seeming. When a seed is planted, do you think of anything save the fruit that shall grow from it? Do you stop to think of the slender blade in the delicate blossom, and then on step by step? True, all these changes must be passed through, but you would rest content with any one of them, if you did not know what else to expect. So it is with this. Those who fancy each development is the highest and best, are contented, but those of you who still remain unsatisfied, do you believe there are wants in your nature which are never to be satisfied, capacities never to be made useful? Nay, I tell you it is not so. When you have done all you can yourselves, when you have labored, when you have tilled the soil, there will not be wanting seed to drop into it, or dews from heaven to water them. Do not deceive yourselves by working merely on the surface, but plough deep and broad.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1854.

PROS AND CONS.

If the world's history has proved any one thing more clear than another, it is the need of *modesty* in all matters of opinions not purely scientific; and yet, strange as it may seem, these are the very opinions most obstinately and perseveringly insisted on nine times in ten. The limited information of the great mass of mankind makes theory and speculation inevitable; since great observation, reading, study and experience are needed to give *true method to reflection*, and make classification attend the varying phases of reasoning. This is natural, since as social beings we need to be communicative and talkative in some way or other, to answer the ends for which society has a being.

It is most natural, therefore, that most men and women should be off-hand in their communications, and partial and fragmentary in their conclusions; since thus far in the world's history, most of the time has been spent in solving the questions, what shall I eat, what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?

Still, there have been minds so profoundly gifted with intuition, and reflective energy, that one well established *fact* in Nature has proved to them, if not the philosopher's stone, by which all minerals and metals were to be converted into fine gold, at least the foundation on which the *fulcrum of thought* has been placed to raise the world, and mould the destinies of generations yet unborn.

Many such live in the pages of history, mighty and comprehensive Spirits, whose colossal statues reach far up into the heaven of pure thought, so far that generations grow old in their shadow, and die, wondering at the marvelous beauty that fashioned into being Creations so many-phased and sided, that all types seem explained, and all hieroglyphs translated by their light.

From these two come the *pros and cons* of opinion, "What is truth?" still being the battle cry in the Conflict of the Ages.

The question, however, is not so general to-day as when Jesus stood before his accusers, for the world's motion and communion have not only rolled some truths into being, but stamped them with an immortal beauty and undying glory. So broadcast and stupendous is this great fact, that it takes the sting from suffering, the pain from sad experience, and clothes with a halo of light the varying shades of ignorance, folly, and imperfection, that gather with the memories of long ago.

Still, life has its lesson for all, and each has to solve some question before the great book of conscious life can be unfolded and read with unmis-*takeable* meaning. The question asked of old, "If a man die shall he live again?" has resounded through the ages, so long and continuously, that the echo is spent in space, and then weary of the question. The soul has clung to the name of Jesus, believing that he had brought life and immortality to light through the gospel; and great love has warmed affection, until devotion's anthem has filled the inner chambers of the soul, and expanded in gratitude to the fountain of all good, for the dying and resurrectional testimony of him who came to be the light, the life, and the way. Devotion, with her memory of love, still delights to honor him who was to be the *first* among many brethren; but "the man of the world," the cynic, and the skeptic, have but sneers for *traditions*, be they ever so sacred, and doubts for a faith that goes no deeper into life than history, be its author ever so holy and pure.

Beside all this, the "battle of the Churches" has so confused the native sense of man, and so confounded the plain teachings of Jesus, that even devotion's self is sometimes at a loss to know what to say, so conflicting and contradictory are the conclusions arrived at from sectarian stand-points.

It would seem to good sense, that amid such a state of things, any revelation that came to give light on the soul's destiny, and corroborate the teachings of Jesus, would be accepted of all, and loved by those professing to accept the testimony of a historical and traditional faith. This, however, is not the fact; for the *pros and cons* of controversy still live and have a vigorous being, for the revelations of the past five years are of too startling a nature, to admit of calm and quiet discussion.—

Spiritualism, however, has passed from the *infant* phases in which it "played fantastic tricks," to the unfolding manhood of developed genius, from which it speaks of the moral and Spiritual grandeur of life; the dignity and splendor of progress; the redemption of the world from ignorance and folly; and sings the resurrectional hymn of praise for the conscious proof of "another and a better life."

This has come home to the inner Spirit of millions in this country, making them blessed beyond all others, as they learn day by day to translate the economy of God's providence, and grow into Spiritual life as the Spirit develops in its unfoldings. This is their testimony,—that whereas they were once *blind*, they now *see*; whereas, when as a child they talked as a child, they spoke as a child, they thought as a child; but having become *men*, they put away childish things. This broad and emphatic response of affirmative life would seem, in this age of boastful science and "common sense," to be enough to save the mind from criticism and abuse.

But no, the *pros and cons* of controversy have not as yet outgrown the charms for combative disputation and dogmatic denial; so that many think they exhibit profound wisdom in giving the *lie* to the consciousness, good sense, and investigations of over *two millions* of minds, who, in the most emphatic and voluntary manner, come forward with their testimony in favor of Spirit-intercourse and immortal life. Did not charity speak words of kindness for the errors of *ignorance*, this assumption of superior judgment, and presumption of fanaticism, where there is only an *honest* difference of opinion at least, would subject many a name to merited contempt for the *egomaniac* displayed in the off-hand denial and condemnation which the claims of Spiritualism receive from some of the so-called wise of the land.

Take the following, which we clip from one of the chapters of the "Life of Horace Greeley," now going the rounds of the press.

The writer of this extract is but a *reporter*, so we get at the opinion of Mr. Greeley without controversy. The writer says:

"As I was going, some ladies came in, and I remained a moment longer at his request. He made a languid and quite indescribable attempt at introduction, merely mentioning the name of the ladies with a faint *bob* at each. One of them asked a question about Spiritualism. He said, 'I have paid no attention to that subject for two years. I became satisfied it would lead to no good. In fact, I am so taken up with the things of this world, that I have too little time to spend on the affairs of the other.' She said, 'a distinction ought to be made between those who investigate the phenomena as

phenomena, and those who embrace them fanatically.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I have no objection to their being investigated by those who have more time than I have.' 'Have you heard,' asked the lady, 'of the young man who personates Shakespeare?' 'No,' he replied, 'but I am satisfied there is no folly it will not run into.'

While reflecting on the *modesty* that thus balances the controversy of some five years' standing, and sets aside the testimony of over two millions of minds by a "languid and quite indescribable etcetera" at reasoning, one is sadly reminded of the *politician* in the double sense, who has neither time to investigate the claims of Spiritual-life, nor moral courage to say one word in its favor, although he knew Spiritualism was the accepted gospel of many true and noble minds. The pros and cons of life are multiplied by such sad and palpable contradictions, for when the external mind sees evidence of *genius* in one phase of character, it too often takes it for granted, that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and makes the mind whole.

Brother Newton uses the following language in his valedictory:

"Under the double burden of labor and responsibility thus far borne, he finds his health breaking down, and feels that duty to himself and those dependent upon him, imperatively requires that it should be borne no longer. Relief and rest must be had; and as these, from the nature of his constitution, cannot be secured while sustaining even nominally the responsible position he has occupied, we see no alternative but to withdraw entirely, for the present, at least, from its duties."

Still, persons ask, what does Mr. Greeley think of Spiritualism? We say we don't know, for we do not know what he thinks. What he says and what he wishes the public to know, he said upon that subject, the reader can learn from the above, for this extract is taken from a forthcoming work, purporting to be "The Life of Horace Greeley," and probably in some chapters a companion for the life of P. T. Barnum.

So society need be no longer in doubt as to the orthodoxy of Mr. Greeley, for short as his reflections are on this subject, they are "very expressive and to the point."

Thanks to humanity, however, the editorial family have many among them, who, if they cannot accept Spiritualism, seldom go far from home to do violence to other persons' convictions, content with the honest consciousness that warn their devotions and give the *silver lining* to their faith, they tolerate others in *respectful silence*, if not in commendation.

Others, however, have passed from the negative to the affirmative state, and speak of what they have *seen, felt, and heard*, which to them must be positive knowledge, with *good sense*, commendable modesty, and respect for differing opinions. We have no doubt there are many waiting for the *fit time* to give their testimony, fearful that a too active and vigorous propagandism might be injurious to *true progress*, as well as be obnoxious to some of their friends. Whatever we may think of this state of mind, when looked at from the philosophical, professional or religious stand-point, we will not say, but we do appreciate, though we may not respect, the delicacy of mind that seeks to *hide what it considers objectionable* because *new* to others, and like to interfere with their peace of mind.

But more do we like the plain, good sense that leaves its *truthful* testament on the altar of time, for the *genius* of history and philosophy to work into the harmonious gospel which will come with the development of life and *true* manhood.

The following will be acceptable in this connection, as it was written by the editor of the Rhode Island Freeman, who, if we remember aright, has been seeking light and instruction for the higher law for many years. The statement will remind the reader that the pros and cons of Spiritualism cannot be brought home to a family by any authority but the mind investigating, though each confession of *faith* may help to inspire confidence and destroy some of the doubts of skepticism. Reader, the plain sense of the following extract is what

hundreds of thousands would say, could their convictions be collected and condensed to so short a statement, but as each soul must *plant* its own bridge at least, ere it crosses the river of *doubt*, so after reading this declaration of *faith, truth, deliberate and decide with observation and careful investigation*, be the *pros and cons* of your society what they may.

We notice in our exchanges that the phenomena, known as Spiritual manifestations, are spreading in all directions, and that believers in them are multiplying with astonishing rapidity. In some localities, the phenomena are assuming new phases and becoming more tangible to the senses. In Ohio and New York, Spirit-hands and forms present themselves to the eyes of the spectators, and under such circumstances as to preclude the possibility of trickery or hallucination. The ways in which the Spirits now manifest themselves, are various. Besides the "rapping and tippings," they come now and make known their presence by direct impression upon the minds of their friends, by visions, by writing with pens and pencils, by moving the hands of mediums without influencing their thoughts, and by other modes equally strange and startling to those who have never witnessed them. As for ourselves, we should not be greatly astonished to hear of still more remarkable demonstrations from the Spirit-realm. Indeed, we expect to hear in due course of time such manifestations as are yet unthought of. Reasoning from what we know on this matter, we say that thus far, we have seen but the shadows of coming events. As yet, the world has but witnessed the first rude experiments of departed beings to hold communications with their friends on earth. The day is approaching, as we believe, when the partition which now but partially separates the two worlds, will be so far removed, that intercourse between them will be conducted with much facility as it is now done between two continents on the earth's surface.

We have on former occasions stated some of the facts which establish the Spiritual origin of the manifestations. These facts we obtained from no record, nor from the testimony of the witnesses of them, but by our own experiments and observation. We know that what we have before stated as facts, are facts, and we feel assured that if our skeptical friends would take a little pains to investigate the subject, they would not only be forced to admit the facts, but to accept our conclusion also as to the Spiritual explanation of them.

The Lecture at the Rooms of the Ragged School, on Monday evening, December 16, No. 695 Sixth-avenue, was delivered by Mr. Charles Partridge, proprietor of the Spiritual Telegraph. The purport of the Lecture was to prove Spirit-existence and Spirit-intercourse, which was done in a concise and pertinent array of facts, as seen and felt and heard by him, a few evenings since in a private family in this city.

The substance of Mr. Partridge's remarks have already appeared in some of the Spiritual papers, in an article headed, "A NIGHT WITH THE SPIRITS," which we hope will be read by all who as yet have not, as the statements challenge attention as well by their marvellousness, as the positive assertions of the narrator.

The practical inference to be drawn from these facts were obvious to all, as Mr. P. showed that our education, habits and conduct, were fitting us for the Spirit-world, as well as the future relations of society.

The close of the Lecture, Mr. West, of Philadelphia, arose and stated two facts in his own personal history, which, so far as presumptive evidence could corroborate the statement of Mr. Partridge.

The Lecture on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 23, at

8 o'clock, by Mrs. L. N. Fowler, is the first of a "Course to Ladies," which it is hoped will be well attended.

BRO. A. E. NEWTON.

We see by the New Era of December 16th, that Brother A. E. Newton, who has been acting in the capacity of assistant editor, has concluded to "withdraw from the editorial management" of that paper.

We regret very much the necessities that prompt this change, as we know Br. Newton to be as catholic in Spirit, tolerant in practice, as truthful in his communications. Such men cannot be spared from the editorial more than the ministerial world, and should not be allowed to withdraw until some efforts have been made to retain and support them.

It will be pleasing to all Spiritualists to know,

that though this change must come, that *economy* and justice to all parties force the conclusion, and

not the antagonisms of rivalry or gain.

Brother Newton uses the following language in his valedictory:

"Under the double burden of labor and responsibility thus far borne, he finds his health breaking down, and feels that duty to himself and those dependent upon him, imperatively requires that it should be borne no longer. Relief and rest must be had; and as these, from the nature of his constitution, cannot be secured while sustaining even nominally the responsible position he has occupied, we see no alternative but to withdraw entirely, for the present, at least, from its duties."

Br. Hewett, the senior editor of the Era, awards his tribute of respect while regretting the necessities that withdraw Br. Newton from the paper in the following language:

"While we are truly sorry to part with the valuable labors of Br. N., we cannot otherwise than tender him our warmest thanks, not only for the efficient aid he has rendered us in our arduous editorial labors, but also for the truly brotherly, kind and appreciative manner in which he parts with us and our readers."

We hope, however, since Br. Newton is thus freed from the duties of the editorial department, that Spiritualism will in the end be the gainer, as he will have the more time to devote to lecturing and conversational efforts. The time has fully come, when competent and efficient lecturers should be sustained by the Spiritual family, as the cry is now, as in days of old, "come over and help us."

There is a work for the lecturer as well as the world and the Spirits to do, and we hope Br. Newton will be among the active in the lecturing department while attending to the requirements of his health.

The New Era, in the "mean time," will be sustained by the labors of Br. Hewett and several gentlemen and ladies, fully competent by nature, and its honest consciousness that warn their devotions and give the *silver lining* to their faith, they tolerate others in *respectful silence*, if not in commendation.

Our best wishes are for the success of all parties.

ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW ENGLAND.

It is computed that nearly *two millions* of people in our nation, together with hundreds of thousands in other lands, are already believers in Spiritualism. No less than twelve or fourteen periodicals are devoted to the publication of its phenomena and the dissemination of its principles. Nearly each succeeding week brings, through the press, some new books treating exclusively upon this subject. Every day, and much more than daily, lectures are given in the presence of audiences quite respectable as to both numbers and character. Circles are held by day and by night in nearly every city, town and village throughout our country.

Belief that Spirits speak intelligibly to man is already working widely and deeply; it is fast gaining power for either good or evil. It asks, and it may well claim, attention from every considerate mind. It is in our midst; it is at work among us.

Is it a *friend* or is it a *foe* to man?

Examining it; learn its nature; learn its purposes; learn its effects; and when well informed, answer the question, and shape your treatment of the subject.

Such is the call to every influential mind. And the call is for *prompt action*.

Resistance (if resistance be called for) must be speedy, or it will be useless.

Soon the strange faith will have grown too strong to be resisted.

Already it makes itself the companion of the farmer in his fields—the mechanic in his work-shop—the sailor in cabin or forecastle—the judge on his bench—the senator in his legislative chair—the clergyman in his desk—the philosopher in his study; it goes with man through all his varied walks in life, and it nestles fondly with woman, whether in the kitchen, the nursery or the parlor.

Nor is it a mere companion—it assumes to be

teacher and helper—it tells of matters beyond

doubt and the grave, and concerns itself with

things of deep and universal interest.

It gains a ready hearing, and sows its seeds of truth or of error, of fact or of delusion, on many a fertile spot.

Its words are already moulding the condition of millions of immortal souls, not while they shall

have gone to the invisible mansions in the Father's house.

Things material also are made its topics; it out-

travels the astronomer in his remotest journeys to

suns and systems in the distant heavens; it

scans the composition of the planets, and describes

their vegetation and their various inhabitants with

a minuteness which the most powerful fails to furnish

in the observatories of science.

The chemist's laboratory never reaches such thorough analyses of

matter as the teachers in Spiritualism are daily desirous.

Statements are made which more than

hint at such knowledge of the properties of matter,

as will help man in all the daily avocations of life; such as will aid the agriculturist, the mechanist, the mechanic; such as will lessen our toils and improve our modes of life.

These new teachers pass beyond the bounds which have hedged in, not the astronomer alone, but the geologist, the mineralist, the chemist, the physiologist—the man of

any and every science.

Statements are made about properties in matter which have escaped man's detection—but which, when described, can be used by him.

The finer properties of his own organs are set forth, and he is taught how to turn them to

advantage in the preservation or restoration of health.

It is not the future and distant *alone* that

the clairvoyants are describing; but the near and

the present also. This earth, and all things upon it, are being analyzed and unfolded and made of

higher use. These statements hint at some few of the teachings which are working their way into

thousands of minds, where they will effect changes for better or worse.

But there is something more than *teaching*, Spiritualism *works*.

The sick and feeble feel its touch, and are healed or strengthened, in numberless cases; and this, not by miracle, but by the use of

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published in New York, is principally devoted to the discussion of this subject; it contains moral theses, and occupies itself above all, with the amelioration of the condition of humanity, and with the good which will result to it from commerce with Spirits. The number of the 13th of May last gives the statistics of a Society formed for the propagation of the knowledge of Spiritualism. The members propose to offer gratuitously, to those who seek the truth, opportunities of investigating, by means of the most remarkable mediums; to collect facts; to publish a paper and books for the propagation of Spiritualism; to hold circles for the same, &c. &c. We print from it the following letter:

Then follows a letter from A. S. Morin, detailing manifestations witnessed at Mr. Koon's, at Dover, Athens Co., Ohio.]

JUDGE EDMOND'S NEW WORK.—In our notice last week of this book, we took it for granted our readers generally knew, that the work was to be published by Partridge and Britton, No. 200 Broadway; but as we have received an "order" for the work, we wish the friends to remember that the above firm are the publishers, and send their "orders" accordingly.

NOTES.

And Poco, two shall tend her side,
Persuading as she sings—
Scattering o'er your shaded earl
Sweet incense from her wings.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CUTTER, BOSTON.

How shall I know this in the spheres which keeps
The Spirit of the world?—
When all of these things could without, sleep
And purchase none the due we treat?

For I shall feel the sting of these pale
If I were to live, and yet die—
Never the voice here, nor real exist
In the tenebris of the tender thought.

Will not the own, most heart, demand me there?
That heart whose fondest thoughts to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in the prayer
And must that never after it be heaven?

In meadows found I heart, and bearing wing,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Will that forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the wavy past,
And mostly with my brother nature dwelt,
And deeper drew, and tender to the last—
Shall it expire with life, and no more?

A happier lot than mine, an easier light
 Await the there; for there has bough thy will
 In cheerful hours to the rule of light,
 And lowest all, and render good for ill.

For me, the sorriest cars in which I dwell,
Shrik and consume my heart, to beat the soul,
And wrath has left its seat—thine fire of hell—
Left his frigidal seat upon my soul.

Yet though thou wearast the glory of the sky—
Whithorn not keep the same beloved name—
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same.

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home:
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—ill I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

THE LIFE HARP.

There is a harp whose muse:
Is never hushed to rest,
But sounds on forever
Within the human breast.

Or times it joy or sorrow,
Its strings it dole or glad,
A whirling fit, in winter,
The driving winter snows.

Again, it whispers softly
Upon the Spirit's ear,
A sigh the leaves of Autumn,
All marching to their bier.

Its notes are never silent,
In tumult or in strife,
And in our dreams it wove
This网 of life and love.

Or in the bough of midnight,
When bright dreams disappear,
And in the silent chamber
Their silken wings we hear.

We find this harp is slumber,
And in the pants of sleep,
The earthly name of angels,
The loved of other days.

This harp has trembled over,
Since God breathed over the earth,
And he it is that's beating
By beat of angel wings.

And one there is of plagues
Who plays with master hands—
Has played the dirge of many
Who are now in silent land.

His music is the softest
That mortals ever knew,
The sweetest, wittiest, saddest,
With which our hearts overflow.

No music is more holy,
In earth or heaven above
Than makes this master player,
Whose music name is love.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

CAIRO, December 11, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: I have been thinking for a long time of sending you some of the communications that have been written by my hand, but not knowing whether they would be acceptable or not, I have delayed; but however, I believe I will send you one which was given under the following circumstances. Some months ago I was in company with a small circle, about a mile from home, and through the tipping of the table we were informed that the Spirit of a stranger was present, and that while in the form it never knew any of us. It purported to be the Spirit of a female, and its residence while in the form, was Rensselaer County, N. Y., and that she would at some future time write a communication by my hand, and sign her name to it. One week from that time, and while alone in my house, I was put into the writing state, and the following I found written when I became conscious:

"With anxious hearts did Spirits stand,
Till God put forth this great command—
Descent to earth where mortals dwell.
These glorious truths awoke to tell.

To children of the earth, rejoice
With cheerful heart and cheerful voice:
Your spirit-friends can now come near
With heavenly news your hearts to cheer.

Where's a candid few are found,
These cheerful Spirits hours round—
Each anxious for the turn to come,
To teach you of their Spirit-home.

A glorious time soon will see;
The captive mind will soon be free;
Sectarian forms will cease to bind.
That heavenly bough, the human mind.

And when from bondage man is freed,
The truth will make you free indeed:
Free as the air that God has given,
To choose the peaceful path to heaven."

(Signed) A. L. GREGORY.

Immediately below the name was written the following:

"This is written to fulfil a promise made to you, at such a time and place;" giving the year, month, and day of the month and week, and also the name of the people to whom the promise was given. None of us ever heard that such a person ever lived, but since then I was at my father's near one hundred miles from here, and he informed me, (after reading to him the circumstance,) that about the time he married my mother in said County, there was a girl there of that name.

I have stood the ridicule of bigotry and hateful superstition some three years, being the first in this place to embrace the new doctrine, (new to

this age of darkness,) but I can now rejoice that I have many on all sides of me who feel interested and anxious to receive more light. The day begins to dawn, but we need assistance. I do all I can, but my means are limited, and therefore I can not do much. I sometimes feel that there is a great wrong committed by lecturers who pass through the country, and am led to ask, why is it that they all follow the large popular cities and villages where Mammon is the people's God, when there are hundreds, yea thousands, in the country and smaller places, who are hungering and thirsting for truth, who cannot go to those large places, and therefore must faint for want of nourishment, &c. &c.

It is because Spiritualists, too, are trying to make it a money-making business, that we in the country are neglected? If so, the cause cannot prosper. If we could have some good test medium and a good lecturer here in this village for two or three days, I believe there would be a mighty shaking among the dry bones of this sectarian region. As it is, I am the only one called a medium. Our orthodox ministers seem to act as if they were under apprehensions that they were likely to lose some of their bread and butter. I feel in hopes that I shall before long get some subscribers for your paper; it is much liked in this region, as far as it has been seen.

Yours for Truth and Progression,

L. H. HAZEL.

Abstract of the Proceedings at the Conference at No. 555 Broadway, Friday Evening, Dec. 15.

Mr. Bowring exhibited a picture, claimed to have been produced by Spiritual power upon a piece of oil cloth, at Mr. Snyders house, at Green Point; and gave a short history of its production and the changes through which it has passed since it was first produced. The picture was a very good likeness of the speaker, and his body was also represented a negro, in a kneeling posture. In remarking upon this part of the subject, Mr. Bowring took occasion to refer to the subject of American Slavery, but stated, although he had his opinion upon the subject, he did not deem that the proper place to enlarge upon them, as they should not be discussed upon the Spiritual platform; every issue or movement should work out its salvation upon its own platform.

Mr. Levy wished to know what Spiritualism was. If it was the great reform of the age, what was it going to reform, and in what way? Unless we discuss the subject, unless every Spiritualist undertakes to reform the world by making men and women really better and purer, how can we expect it will do its whole work. I think the introduction of what is called "the love in meetings of this kind" is a blessing. Hundreds come here and hear facts, which are very good so far as they go, but these are principles which belong to Spiritualism; and are the very end and aim of it; and unless you tell mankind what you mean to do in many coming will not know. I am anxious to bring this subject into such meetings. I was a reformer before I was a Spiritualist, and it has that immense attraction for me, that it is to reform mankind. Tales it contained something as high as the God-like principle of Jesus, it would not be of value to me. Now, if I should advance an idea, I might be wrong in that; but, yet, in my estimation, it would be of value to me. I told him I thought it was the work of Spiritualists.

He said he thought so. But he said they knew nothing about these things, and it would not do for him to say anything about it, for fear they might think him visionary; hence in his practice.

I thank God there are some Pauls that have been sufficiently knocked down, so to speak, as to own up. I expect there will be more; for when I remember five years ago, that the Spirits told us this thing was to become common all over the world, I begin to think there is truth in it.

[For the Christian Spiritualist]

ATLANTA, December 13, 1854.

MR. TOOMEY: I have taken the liberty to send you several communications, which I trust you will use your wisdom in publishing. Some months since I spent some time with a medical gentleman, who was very anxious to inquire into the progress of Spiritualism.

With a great deal of pleasure I emptied my storehouse of information, when in turn he related some thrilling incidents, among which I will relate a couple. A little boy whom he attended as a patient, was about three years of age, the child recovering from his illness after a treatment of a few days. And the mother, like mothers in general, anxious to visit her friends, made a visit, taking the little fellow with her;—he playing out and over-doing his constitution, induced the disease to return. As usual, the doctor was called again, but his skill was baffled, his medicines out-reached.—The little sufferer swooned away, and to all human appearance, reason and hope had fled—the last words were.

But all on a sudden the scene changed, the convulsions ceased, and he awoke like one out of a deep sleep; opening his eyes and speaking to his grandmothers, said, "Grandma, I am going to die—I am going to die." Surprised and astonished at the sudden change, to think the child could have any knowledge of death, she said, "What do you know about dying?" The child repeated the words and swooned away; thus was he.

Another little boy about the same age, whose father had sailed a few weeks before for California, was out of doors at play, as is usual for such little fellows at certain seasons of the year; all on a sudden his little mind was disturbed with a visitor from the skies.

His attention was excited, and with a hurry common to such little lads, he ran for his mother, crying out, "Pa is coming! Pa is coming!" His mother, supposing that he had seen some man resembling his pa, told he had not seen his father.—But his convictions remained unaltered. So she said to him, "Where did you see your Pa?" He pointed her right up in the clouds. "O," said she, "you go away; you don't know what you are talking about." Thus he was sent off, and she went about her work, supposing it what she called a little boy's freak, or an old woman's whim.

But a day or two after, the maid brought her news, that her husband died just before reaching Panama. None of these folks are believers in Spiritualism, and the doctor asked me what I thought of it. I told him I thought it was the work of guardian Spirits.

He said he thought so. But he said they knew nothing about these things, and it would not do for him to say anything about it, for fear they might think him visionary; hence in his practice.

I thank God there are some Pauls that have been sufficiently knocked down, so to speak, as to own up. I expect there will be more; for when I remember five years ago, that the Spirits told us this thing was to become common all over the world, I begin to think there is truth in it.

We conclude with extracting the following authenticated version of

LORD LYTTELTON AND THE GHOST.

A gentleman, who was on a visit to Lord Lyttelton, writes:—"I was at Piccadilly, London, when Lord Lyttelton died; Lord Fortescue, Lady Flock, and the two Miss Ampleforths were also present. Lord Lyttelton had not long been returned from Ireland, and frequently had been seized with suffocating fits; he was attacked several times by them in the course of the preceding month, while he was at his house in Hill-street, Berkeley-square. It happened that he dreamt, three days before his death, that he saw a fluttering bird; and afterwards, that a woman appeared to him in white apparel, and said to him, 'Prepare to die, you will not exceed three days.' His lordship was much alarmed, and called to a servant from a closet adjoining, who found him much agitated and in a paroxysm of perspiration; the circumstance had a considerable effect upon the next day on his lordship's spirits. On the third day, while his lordship was at breakfast with the above personages, he said, 'I live over-night, I shall have jolted the ghost; for this is the third day.' The whole party presently set off for Piccadilly, where they had not long arrived before his lordship was visited by one of his accustomed fits; after a short interval he recovered. He dined at five o'clock that day, and went to bed at eleven, when his servant was about to give him rhubarb and mint water; but his lordship perceiving him with a toothpick, called him a slovenly dog, and bade him go and fetch a tea-spoon; but on the man's return he found his master in a fit, and the pillow was placed high his chin bore hard upon his neck, when the servant, instead of relieving his lordship on the instant from his perilous situation, ran in his fright and called out for help, burst upon his return found his lordship dead. The circumstances attending the apparition, as related by Lord Lyttelton, according to the statement of a relative of Lady Lyttelton's, were as follows: 'Two nights before, on his retiring to bed, after his servant was dismissed, and his light extinguished, he had heard a noise resembling the fluttering of a dove at his chamber window. This attracted his attention to the spot; when, looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the figure of an unhappy female whom he had seduced and deserted, and who, when deserted, had put a violent end to her own existence, standing in the aperture of the window from which the fluttering sound had proceeded. The form approached the foot of the bed, the room was preternaturally light, the objects of the chamber were distinctly visible; raising her head and pointing to a dial which stood on the mantelpiece of the chimney, the figure, with a severe solemnity of voice and manner, announced to the appalled and conscience-stricken man that, at that very hour, on the third day after the visitation, his life and his sons would be concluded, and nothing but his punishment remain, if he availed himself not of the warning to repentance which he had received. 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Poetry.

(From the Home Journal)
THE PEOPLE'S PRINCES.

BY JAMES NACK.

Walls slowly saunter through the street,
In and out through and half mad.
I chanced a barefoot boy to meet,
Beggard and very dirty—very!

His brow was dark with grief and dirt—
Unknown to buy—or Crotin water;
Yet Nature made him fair and bright
As any rich man's son or daughter.

Blight fragment of humanity,
Unnoticed by the huckster brothers?
I wonder what they do with him,
And what its bearing upon others!

Just now my dog is home again,
Who, simple as the law, follows—
The dog can't give the five cents,
Would bid him a hundred dollars!

That girl in gold and gems arrayed,
Some "curled darling of our nation,"
Who glances at the half afraid,
Would think thy touch a degradation.

That stammering, more girlish still,
Dressed up, as for a world's inspection,
Avert! his face with quickening pace,
As if he thought thy right judgment.

No matter—then hast mind and grace,
With thy form's original, right,
And thy soul's bright, direct to rise,
As many a mighty man has risen.

Deafeth the fact! so I may trace
Some glimpse of thy future story;
Who but knows that grace yet,
With youth and beauty, wealth and glory?

Oh, then, that girl that shuns thee now,
May seek in her joy or sorrow;
That pop may boast himself thy friend,
And come, like mud, to fawn and borrow.

That as it come—the humblest child
I reverence, though in mud and tatters,
As usual, in the slough of God,
With any grace that fortune flatters.

For you, ladies, little ones!
With the kind of salvation I
Your heavenly blit right keep in view,
No matter what your earthly station.

"I CAN'T."

BY W. C. DOUANE.

Never say "I can't," my dear;
Never say it; when such words as those I hear,
From the lips of boy or girl,
Often they make me do it, too;—Never say it!

Boys and girls that simply play,
With a smile, a kiss, a sala,
They can jump and run away,
Skip and toss and play their pranks;
Even dull ones when they're gay,
Never say it!

Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it;—Find some one,
Till you have your lesson learned;
Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it.

Men who do the noblest deeds
Never say it;—In who's in need,
Who's lost his best and gets it soon,
And at last he will succeed—
Never say it!

But when the evil tempt to wrong,
Always say it,
In your virtue firm and strong,
Drive the tempter from your sight,
And when fallen round you strong,
Ever say it!

When good actions call you near,
Never say it;
Drive away the rising fear,
Get your strength where good men do;
All the world's a field of pleasant,
Would you find a happy year?
Would you save a sorrowing tear?
Never say it.

MESSA, BURRITO.—The following lines were written during a winter's sojourn among the mountains of California. In order to make myself comfortable, I built a log cabin, to shelter the roof of which I cut down a very old oak tree. During a severe storm one evening while sitting by the fire, I am supposed to, or may have had the following dream.

THE DREAM.

The storm howled without; the wind shrilly whistled,
And I heard the voices of many a lone sheltered nook,
Within the shelter of my lone sheltered nook.
My thoughts wandered down the dim alleys of the past.
The rain pattered down on the old eaken shingle,
The old eaken took in the rain, the dim shadows lengthened,
And thus spoke of things that had passed long ago.

It's full two hundred years ago,
Since a sapling stood there,
When the squirrel's bough and timid fawn
Braided freely through the wood,
When the squirrel 'mongst my branches played,
And I waxed in strength and pride,
And the red man saw in my pleasant shade,
At summer's eve.

And so in the twilight hour,
At sunset, the day did end,
The Indian Mail beneath my bower,
Has met her own true love,
And my heart was well and sound,
And so when I went out part,
I've seen glances that spoke more than words,
For they came but from the heart.

I've seen the red man's children play
On Nature's grassy lawn,
And their merry shout rang clearly out,
From the rock of hawk's down,
The leaves danced in the green,
The vult watch alone;
The war-dre and the council scene,
But was long, long years ago.

I've seen the red man pass away,
And his heart was full of misery,
And his spirit had lost their forms of clay
For the long hunting grounds,
The lightning had flashed, the tempest howled,
And the spirit of the storm,
He who had been so sound, so sound,
But I laughed his threats to scorn.

Long years passed by and I waxed in might,
The monarch of the wood;
Through the Winter and the Spring time bright,
And Autumn blast stood,
And the winter's frost my polish pride
Was bending round the rocks;
That I would rule the forest till the tide
Of time should pass away.

But the white man came, with his spirit of gain,
And the woods and forests ring,
With the hootsome laugh and cheerful strain,
From me to 'till the woodman's axe
Was heard among the rocks;
And the solitude, holy calm to me seemed,
When I woke with a quiver and a cold ague shiver;
With my fire burned out, and I found that I dreamt,
Withershaw, Nov. 22.

* A moonlight night in California is far pleasanter than the day.

IGNORANCE AND CRIME.—Many Christians of the present age, think if they drop an occasional shilling into the Church's contribution box, if they subscribe a yearly stipend to the Tract Society, and another yearly stipend to the Timbuctoo Mission, and another yearly stipend to the Tract Society, that they have done their duty, and all of their duty. They sit in their velvet-cushioned pews, and hear the Word of God daintily preached to suit their own peculiar views, without the chance of ruffling the placidity of their self-composure. They pass daily in broadcloth, or in velvets and satins, the poor, outcast, degraded children of God, who, from their utter degradation, have no wish, even had they suitable apparel, to hear the Word of God preached in any form. These Christians are so accustomed to see all this wretchedness and want, that they have no thought toward attempting to relieve it. Their houses are broken open and robbed, and they marvel that such crimes are permitted by the authorities. They never dream, in their satisfied complacency, that they themselves are accountable for the greater part of this crime, born of the unrelieved wretchedness, the untaught ignorance of this poverty-ridden mass of humanity, that might be made virtuous and useful members of society.

THE WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.—There are 350,000 maid-servants (above 40 years of age) in Great Britain. There are 1,407,223 spinster-between 20 and 40, and 1,413,242 bachelors of the same age. In the list of the occupations of women, there are 88 authoresses, 18 editors or public writers, 613 actresses, 135 danseuses, 16 equestrians. Of the female domestics no less than 57,311 are entered under the denomination of "general servants." Of the higher class of servants the house-maids are more numerous than the cooks, the former being 65,935, and the latter only 48,106, and there are above 50,000 "housekeepers," and nearly 40,000 nurses. The char-women are no less than 55,433 in number. *Census Report.*

MAGNETIC MAGIC.

or
Historical and Practical Treatise on Fas-
cinations, Cabalistic Mirrors, Suspen-
sions, Compacts, Talismans, Convul-
sions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft,
Incantations, Sympathetic Corre-
spondences, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Chagnat,
Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

SEVENTH DIALOGUE

S P E L L - T H R O W N.

OR SORCERIES—WITCHCRAFTS—CORRUPTION OF THE REASON AND INTELLIGENCE—POSSESSIONS—BLOWS GIVEN AND RECEIVED AT A DISTANCE—DECLINES WHOSE CAUSE IS UNKNOWN—OCCULT MURDER—EVIL EYES—PHILTRES, &c., &c.

32. As I was one taking a walk at Charrone, I met a magnetizer called Mr. B—, and went on together. A moment afterward a young man bowed to us, when Mr. B— said, "Did you observe that young man; he is delighted since he is acquainted with mesmerism?" "Why so?" I inquired. "Why, . . . it would be a long story; but I shall try to give it in a few words. The fact is this: that young man was desperately in love with a girl, whom he had attended for the last seven years. Being unwilling to marry her, he endeavored, by every means, to obtain what the girl was too pure to grant before marriage. Disappointed in his criminal designs, he experienced the most profound anger. Unfortunately it was in this desperation that the young man became acquainted with the science of magnetism; he tried his new love upon this poor girl, and it was in this state that she became pregnant. But instead of being ashamed of so foul an action, he went and told it to every body. I heard it myself from his own mouth." "And what did you say to him?" I asked. "I disapproved very highly of his conduct, but he only laughed at me." "Do you think he will marry the girl?" "Oh, no! far from it."

Such, my friend, are the abuses committed by debauchery and crime; they commit a rape upon a corpse, when they cannot succeed otherwise.

JOHN.—Yet all the treatises on mesmerism which I have read, affirm the contrary.

ALBERT.—These writers could not admit such abominations, because they were pure themselves, and their clairvoyants incessantly shared this state of purity. They have, moreover, avoided to pollute so noble a science by considerations of this nature. But I do not act upon such considerations myself. I reveal at the result of my experiences, and I say to every one, "Be on your guard, for the purest friendship here meets with the foulest conceit and cunning."

M. Du Potet has sufficiently taught in public, the art of producing convulsive fits, not to excite impure expectations and projects. But I will quote a last fact which corroborates still more what I have said.

33. A magnetizer one day told me that he was acquainted with a physician who tried a lustful experiment upon his clairvoyante. This woman, not being precisely a vestal, he did not meet with any opposition. But when he asked her what was the difference between . . . she answered in the following short way: "You shall know it in a fortnight; this experiment shall be rewarded by a success worthy of the idea which inspired it." The physician did not understand the prediction, and waited patiently the time fixed by the clairvoyante. But he did not wait long; on the fifteenth day, a very dangerous syphilis appeared, and disgusted him forever from another experiment.

These two facts, selected from great many others, are sufficient to establish that the sufferings attributed by countrymen to sorcerers, are not quite destitute of basis. Several mysterious pregnancies are due to causes like that I spoke of just now. How many pure and chaste girls have thus been thrown into the paths of debauchery and prostitution; and yet their souls could not have been corrupted by acts in which their wills had no part. Several lawsuits have been instituted in order to discover the mysteries of these singular pregnancies. Theologians interfered and appreciated the facts from their own point of view. Even a Queen of France, excepted against her state of pregnancy; she established that she had not consciously had any intercourse with a man. But many hypotheses were built on every side, and some so far as to pretend that, having taken a bath in a recipient where men had been before, it was possible the Queen had thus unconsciously absorbed some particles of their seed, &c., &c.

JOHN.—Why do you think there is so much exaggeration here?

ALBERT.—If you reflect upon the immense power of imagination exercises over our mind, you will easily understand how fear alone can generate the conviction that one is the victim of the dreaded evil.

The Pricking was practised on the spot where the animals put their feet. The sorcerer, watching their passage, was in the custom of throwing a nail into the mark left by the animal's foot, with the intention of pricking the animal itself. There are many other ways of throwing a spell; but I think it is more prudent not to reveal them in a public treatise.

The practice of rendering men impotent is so generally known, that I do not fear to treat it here. It was thought that this singular result was produced by the presence of old women at the nuptial masses; these women were said to hold a silk thread, and to knot it in three different places at a particular moment of the ceremony. This sort of spell has such a power over the masses' minds, that even in the last century, there were several thousand persons in France, who thought they were laboring under its influence. . . . Kings and princes considered themselves the victims of such a spell, and this circumstance may explain, in a great part, the hatred inspired against sorcerers. But here, as in almost every question of the same nature, we must make a wide part for exaggeration.

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JOHN.—I've seen the red man pass away,

And his heart was full of misery,

And his spirit had lost their forms of clay

For the long hunting grounds,

The lightning had flashed, the tempest howled,

And the winter's frost my polish pride

Was bending round the rocks;

That I would rule the forest till the tide

Of time should pass away.

But the white man came, with his spirit of gain,

And the woods and forests ring,

With the hootsome laugh and cheerful strain,

From me to 'till the woodman's axe

Was heard among the rocks;

And the solitude, holy calm to me seemed,

When I woke with a quiver and a cold ague shiver;

With my fire burned out, and I found that I dreamt,

Withershaw, Nov. 22.

familiar with the most profound secrets of magic. It is probably in consequence of similar traditions, he thought proper to conceal even the trace of the blood left by the Duke of Orleans, on the spot where he met so early a death. This precaution attracted the attention of the public, and proved to me that the King was afraid somebody might take hold of this blood to throw a spell upon the Conte de Paris, and other royal princes. This fact reminds me of the story which was told me by a gentleman in the house of whom I labored.

35. "When still very young, I made my tour in France," he said, "I found occupation in the shop of a joiner, whose wife fell in love with me. I was too young and inexperienced not to very soon obtain the favors she offered me with so much kindness. But as she was old, and had a daughter of my age, I experienced more love for her than for the mother. I therefore put as a condition of our liaison, that I should obtain the same favors from the daughter. This woman promised me every thing; but she wished to marry her previous to granting the girl's favors. This proposition surprised me, the more has the husband still lived and managed our workshop. But she said to me, 'You see how badly he looks; he cannot live long. I labor every day to get rid of him; but he is quite hard. For more than fifteen months I have acted upon him; but now he cannot live more than three months.' I then inquired what she meant about her action on her husband. 'Why, I look upon . . . You see now, there cannot be any more hope for him.'

This man told me he was so deeply moved and troubled by this revelation, that he once left the city. He inquired afterwards about these persons, and heard that this man who had in fact, at first, the strongest health, was now in the most fragile state. Having myself witnessed many facts of the same nature, I cannot but willingly admit those quoted by Mr. Digby.

When we study our magnetic action upon sensitive subjects, we see the reality of all the ideas the peasants have about sorcerers, &c., &c. It is in consequence of such evidences, that there are persons, even in our day, who would not spit where their enemies might walk, nor touch with their tongues the seal they seal their letters with. Did we recently hear of many lawsuits brought before the Courts in consequence of such accusations? The police have seized on certain clairvoyants' preparations for sympathetic spells, made up either of images, or the corresponding organ of animals. These animals were generally of a poisonous nature. But I do not act upon such considerations myself. I reveal at the result of my experiences, and I say to every one, "Be on your guard, for the purest friendship here meets with the foulest conceit and cunning."

The spell-throws do not generally act upon the whole person, but only on certain organs of their unfortunate victims. Thus it is that sometimes take the heart of a lamb, as the sympathetic corresponding organ of the person they wish to destroy. They then pierce this heart with needles, pins, or knives. In other circumstances they make use of fire, or ceaseless animal action. There are many other ways of throwing a spell; but I think it is more prudent not to reveal them in a public treatise.

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Sometimes a perfect likeness of the person was made in wax, and even baptized by a priest; these images were then exposed to a slow fire, cured, or struck in the region of the heart.

The result of these spells was in direct ratio with the intensity of the agent. Sometimes a sudden death took place; but it was more generally very slow, and accompanied by a consumptive fever.

The sorcerer was not always alone in the practice of these infamous arts; often, on the contrary, they met with persons of similar passions, and it was these meetings which took the name of Arcopagus.

In this last case the sorcerers had a particular hour for their meetings, and acted with much unity in their hellish operations.